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From the Lexington (Va.) Valley Star.

MISSISSIPPI ELECTION.

GREAT AND GLORIOUS VICTORY!!!

The election in this State, was held on the 4th and 5th days of November, and never have we experienced greater satisfaction in recording a Democratic victory. The result is all that the friends of sound Republicanism could desire. The right spirit actuated our friends. Impressed with the correctness of their principles—knowing that those principles were based on Truth—that the people were called upon to say, whether the doctrines taught by Jefferson, and the pure patriot of Carolina, our own John Taylor,—the doctrines of Liberty, Equality, and the Rights of Man, should be sustained—or whether the gallant State should be placed in the hands of that party whose wild and erroneous notions on Finance, and Currency, have brought ruin upon nearly all within her limits. No State in this Union has seen, and felt, more of the evils of banking—no people have been more surely oppressed with an irredeemable paper currency. A blighted credit system has destroyed her business—has ruined her commerce—has broken up her trade, has paralyzed all the energies of her people—and in its reckless disregard of honesty and justice has visited upon the State evils of such magnitude, that years will elapse before she recovers from their effects. The people have examined into this matter—they have traced the evil to Whig legislation—they have ascertained by a reference to the Journals of their Senate, and House of Representatives, that the Whig party were the Bank party—that they were the men who multiplied these institutions to aurious extent—and they have held the authors of the mischief to strict accountability. The fraudulent banking and credit system of that State has been condemned—the authors and supporters of that system have been condemned, and driven into retirement—and Mississippi stands forth “REDEEMED.”

Amongst the many men in that gallant little State, who boldly stepped forth in defence of the rights, and best interest of the people, and who resisted with the most untiring efforts, and ability, the wicked designs of the bankers, and “money changers,” no one deserves greater credit than Alexander G. McNutt. In his messages to the Legislature he took high ground—he warned the people of the daily efforts which the monopolists were making to enrich themselves, at their expense—he told them that their banking system was conceived in sin, and maintained in fraud—and that ultimately an explosion would take place, which would expose to the public gaze, all its rotteness. He denounced their Post Note system as unsound and mischievous. In his Administration he showed his sincerity in these declarations by a free exercise of the veto power, for which the people have rewarded him by re-election. His majority is not precisely known, yet enough is known, to justify us in saying that his majority will be upwards of 2500.

This news will be gratifying to his many relatives, and numerous friends in this country. He was born and raised near this place, and received his education at Washington College, located in this town. We rejoice at his success, for we know that he is a decided democrat or the Jeffersonian school—that he is an honest and inflexible statesman, who is ever ready to “do battle in his country’s cause.” His past service as the Governor of Mississippi, is ample proof that his rights and her honor are in safe hands. Let him carry out what the Whigs call his “charter breaking nations,” by forcing the rotted shaving shops of that State, to wind up their business, and the friends of a sound currency will second his efforts—and will cheerfully lend a helping hand in the great reformation.

A. G. Brown and Jacob Thompson, talented and distinguished Democrats, are elected to Congress by large majorities. These gentlemen visited almost every county in the State, and in their speeches defended with signal ability, the principles and the policy of the late and present administrations. They are decided friends of the Independent Treasury Bill, with the “specie clause,” and boldly presented that measure as the only safe financial scheme which could be adopted. They repudiated a National Bank, as not only unconstitutional, but as inexpedient and dangerous to the liberties of the nation. Their principles have been approved, and the people have elected them by thousands to the seats lately filled by Prentiss, and Ward, and they are now in their places upon the floor of the National Legislature.

Woodward has been elected Secretary of State, Saunders, Auditor of Public Accounts, Williams, State Treasurer, and Buckner, Chancellor of the State.

The Legislature is decidedly democratic, by a majority of between 15 and 20, which secures the re-election of the Hon. ROBERT J. WALKER, to the United States Senate. To Mr. Walker great credit is due for his exertions in the canvass. His addresses and letters presented the distinct issue to the people. He told them that it was Van Buren and an Independent Treasury, or Henry Clay, and a fifty million Bank. With such an issue, the Democratic Republican State Rights Party, could not hesitate in preferring the former.

Such has been the result in this State. The Whigs routed in every point. Even the eloquence of Mr. Prentiss, who was the Whig candidate for the Senate, could not save them. The utmost exertions of all their party leaders could not save them. All their artful appeals to the people were exposed by the Democratic Press of the State. The Sentinel at Vicksburg, the Mississippian, the Columbus Democrat, and the Natchez Free Trader, deserve well of the Democracy not only of that State, but of the whole Union. We sincerely congratulate them, upon the success which has crowned their labours, and hope they may long live to battle in the Democratic ranks.

MR. CALHOUN.—For some reason, which we cannot exactly comprehend, the opposition have busied themselves in setting down opinions for this statesman of the heterodox character. It may be, that the growing concentration of the support of his friends in favor of the administration of Mr. Van Buren, has startled the Whigs, and this little game is therefore played off with the silly hope of diverting the progress of such an encroachment. Be the object what it may, it will prove utterly unavailing with that portion of the states right party attached to Mr. Calhoun. This we speak with confidence.

The first move was made a week or so ago, by charging most confidently that Mr. C. had determined upon changing his whole ground on the subject of a protective tariff. The annexed letter nails that slander to the wall, and defines the position of the writer so well that none can mistake it. When we first saw the charge, we were sure that such would be the result, and we now predict, that this as well as subsequent opinions attributed to him, will react in a way but little anticipated by those whose ingenuity first concocted this gratuitous and most weak game. We find this letter in the Richmond Enquirer of Tuesday last.—*Boston Post.*

FORT HILL, November 22, 1839.
Dear Sir—I have received the Enquirer containing the article from the Providence Journal, which, among other things, asserts that I have come out in favor of a high Tariff. I conclude, that I am indebted to you for it, as the conclusion of your comments, you say, that you will endorse the number containing it to me, and ask of me some notice of the subject.

You were right in pronouncing the rumor unfounded. It has not the shadow of foundation; and yet, if I may judge from the papers, that and similar rumors have, for some time, been widely circulating in the northern portion of the Union; but for what purpose, or by whom put in circulation, I am at a loss to conjecture. So far from favoring, I believe of all calamities that could befall the country, a renewal of the Protective system, with its certain consequences, would be among the greatest; and it is really surprising, that with the light of past experience, any one of sound judgment and attached to the country, should think of making the attempt. I fully agree with you, that the South and, I trust, the great body of the sound and patriotic of all parties elsewhere, cannot be gulled by the fallacious arguments put forth in its favor. The growing intelligence of the age is opposed to all such schemes; and all attempts at the renewal of the Protective system must fail; or if successful, followed by a revolution that would speedily prostrate the system, with infinitely greater loss than gain to the manufacturers themselves.

I have not seen Gen. Hamilton in the recess, and cannot speak for him; but have no doubt, that the rumor is as unfounded in his as in my case. In fact, I may say, that the united voice of this State, including all parties and every pursuit, is opposed to the system. As far as I am informed, I scarcely know an exception.

With great respect,
I am, &c., &c.,
J. C. CALHOUN.
T. RITCHIE, Esq.

Mr. ADAMS, who is made chairman of the meeting into which the House of Representatives has now resolved itself, with a view to fix some basis for a settlement of the New Jersey controversy, held the doctrine of the following resolution, at the last session of Congress:

Resolved. That every member of the House of Representatives of the United States ought, before taking his seat therein, to produce to the Clerk’s table, or to deposit in the Clerk’s office, the credentials by virtue of which he claims his seat; and in all cases of contested election, no member ought to be permitted to vote until the House, upon a report from the standing committee of elections, or by the vote of a majority of the members present, being a quorum of the House, shall have decided which of the claimants is entitled to the contested seat?

This was prompted (as we learn Mr. Adams admitted in his speech) by the then recent occurrence of the difficulty now before the House. It was thought then, that the exclusion of the members chosen by the Democratic majority of New Jersey would certainly give the Federal party a majority in the House. The unexpected overthrow of the opposition in several elections of the year, renders it necessary not only that the elected members should be excluded, but that the contraband members should be admitted, to give the opposition the power of the House.—*Globe.*

The following anecdote from the New York Journal of Commerce, finely illustrates the excellence of the cash system:

THE CASH SYSTEM.—A gentleman of our acquaintance, who is now fifty years old, and rich, and who has got rich in a place where almost every other trader has failed, gave us the key to his better success the other day.—“Sad he, when my father died, he left me a small stock of goods, and among the rest, 20 barrels of beer. I determined to give up groceries, and confine myself to dry goods; so I was very desirous of selling the beer. Soon a man proposed to buy it, and gave me references, to whom I applied, and was told that he was most certainly good for all his engagements, adding, ‘we should be glad to trust him all our stock.’—So I sold the beer, and waited quietly until the credit had expired and a month more, when I wrote for my pay. As I heard nothing in return, I enquired of the men who had given me so fine a character of my purchaser, and they told me he was dead, and he was not worth a cent. I have never, said our friend, enquired further about the matter, nor have I trusted any body since, or given a note myself, except in one instance. Whatever money I had, whether much or little, I have contrived to make it answer my purpose, and never go on credit.

JESUS.

BY MRS. MCGUINN.

“Unto Him who loved us, and washed us in our sins in his own blood,”—*Revelations.*

How hath he loved us!—Ask the sun—
That on its world’s vast mission sped,
Hang trembling o’er that manger scene;

Where He, the Eternal, kowled his head;

He, who in earth doth not the doom,

Found in her lowly inn—no room.

Juliet’s mountains lift your voice,

With legends of the Saxon flight,

Speak, favored Oliver—so soft,

At midnight’s prayerful vigil sought,

And Cedron’s brook, whose rippling wave

Frequent his weary feet did have.

How hath he loved us!—Ask the hand

That did his woes with breathless haste;

Ask the weak friend’s denial home,

Sorely hit by bitter tears effected;

Then ask the traitor’s—“now—so—

What Jesus had endured for thee!

Ask of Gethsemane whose dews

Shrank from that moisture strangely red,

Which is that unsolved hour of pain

His agonizing triple shed;

The younger, the then, whose anguish sure

Like the unanswering lamb he bore,

How bathic loved us!—Ask the cross,

The Resurrection, the stately sky,

Ask of the shrouded dove, who burst

The prison at his earleafy

Ours no more! but how thy pride,

And yield thy heart to him who died.

EARTH’S CHILDREN CLEAVE TO EARTH.

BY WM. CULLEN BRYANT.

Earth’s children cleave to earth—her soil
Deceiving children dread decay.

You weep of mist that leaves the vale,

And lesions in the morning ray;

Look low by mountain rivulet,

It lingers as it upward creeps,

And cleaves to form a copsewood set

Along the green and dewy steep;

Clings to the fragrant calmings elms

To precipices fringed with grass;

Dark maples where the wood thrush sings;

And bows of fragrant sassafras.

Yet all in earth—its pines stand,

From bough to bough, it cannot stay,

And in the very beams that fit

The world with glory, wastes away;

Till, parting from the mountain’s brow,

It vanishes from human eye;

And that which sprang of earth is now

A portion of the gloominess.

THE SABBATH MORNING.

BY CHARLES SWAN.

Light of the Sabbath—soul awakening morn,

Than mirror of the mystery above!—

Oh sainted day! on prophet pinions borne,

How wins the heart! yet solemn rest to prove;

How long the soul with Duty to move,

And dring thy deathless waters!—and to feel

The beauty—and thy wisdom—and thy love—

Sublimely o’er the waiting spirit steal,

Till open the heavenly gates Januah to reveal!—

Whilst, mounting and expanding, the Mind’s wings!

Thus like a seraph’s teach eternal day;

Fairly its starry mantle flung;

And shrinks the past in atom in its ray!—

So mighty—so magnificent—the way

Which leads to God!—in another—

The skies grow dark, their grandeur fails away

Before the wondrous glory that climbs

Which feeds with light the sun and thousand worlds

of Time!

Light of the Sabbath—soul awakening morn;

Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest!—

Lead me mid desert hills, the wild and lone,

To mark the lonely shepherd had his guest

And bade the voice which ever leaves him bless—

Makes his role eat an altar in God’s praise!—

Where’neath a mother’s pious bosom prest,

Hi child, with little hands, and upward gaze,

Pleads for its parent’s health and happy length of days!

Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale

Whose verdant arms unfold you village fair!—

Afar from towns where passions stirs prevail,

From commerce and her sons of care—

Guide me where maidens young for church prepare;

In cottage grace—fair garments Sunday-white!